

# THE BYS TANDER



The Medical Trust.  
George in Georgia.  
Harper and the Recall.

I see that my old friend the "Medical Trust" is on deck again with the same old bill to shut out the Jap doctors, the osteopaths, the water-cure people, the semi-lunatic doctors, the Christian Scientists and everybody else who is liable to shut off a two-dollar-and-a-half-visit telephone call for a "regular" examination. The bill is getting rather stale and moth-eaten, and for the purpose of freshening it up a little, apparently, it goes a little further than anything that I remember in the past on the subject. It provides fine and imprisonment for "absent treatment," as well as "healing by prayer." Now wouldn't that jar you?

The last that I knew of such things, it was still a tenet of the Christian faith in all denominations that prayer was efficacious in case of sickness. If the Medical Trust bill becomes law and Deacon P. C. Jones should be afflicted with illness—just some aristocratic little touch—gout, for instance—and Brother Scudder should lift his voice at Wednesday evening prayer meeting, asking divine favor in Deacon Jones' behalf, he would thereby become liable to languish in the calaboose, for healing by prayer is made a criminal offense under the Medical Trust bill.

I suggest to my medical friends that before the law is finally passed, however, they should be a little more explicit. As the bill is now worded, there is danger that some of those who live without the vale may escape jail—and that should not be permitted. For example—just what is meant by "absent treatment?"

If, for instance, Brother Tenney Peck should need bracing up, and Bishop Restarick should, in his heart of hearts, wish that Brother Peck might get well, would the Bishop thereby make himself criminally liable? If that seems an extreme illustration, would the Bishop violate the law if he wished "real hard" in Brother Peck's behalf? If not, how are the Christian Scientists to be brought to book; for, as I understand it, they are the chief "absent treatment" sinners, and their treatment consists in concentrated wishing for relief for the patient. This point should be guarded.

Again, suppose that instead of praying out loud, so that the Medical Trust Inspector could get evidence of the violation of law, the Bishop should just keep his mouth shut and pray in his mind. The Lord is just as liable to hear and answer that prayer as He would one delivered from the housetop with a brass band on the sidewalk. The net result in either case would be that the Medical Trust would lose two dollars and a half. This point should be covered. I suggest that Detective Kalakila be given authority to "sweat" any suspected offender, so that he may be compelled to confess any undue sympathy and kindly feeling toward the sick, and such confession be made prima facie evidence of guilt.

I think of several other weak points. For example, if I pray for a man in San Francisco, am I guilty under the Medical Trust bill? He is not within the jurisdiction of Hawaii, and some pesky attorney may make the technical defense that the offense was not consummated here, but in California. A section should be added to the bill permitting the extradition of the San Francisco resident, under the foregoing circumstances, as evidence that the Medical Trust of Hawaii is not to be trifled with.

Again, suppose the prayer was offered in San Francisco, for a Honolulu invalid who knew nothing about it, but he got well nevertheless. Would he be guilty under the wording of the bill? I doubt it; but he is an offender within the spirit of the bill, for there will be two dollars and a half filched out of the Medical Trust cash account. Some device must be concocted to meet this situation, for the community is distressingly healthy just now, and automobiles come high.

I am lost in admiration of "Our George!" When Governor, he was led astray by President Roosevelt's twaddle about "developing Hawaii on traditional American lines," and the desirability of citizen ownership of land and other like foolishness. He even went so far as to say something about it in one or more of his grandstand gubernatorial addresses.

That was before George had traveled, however. He has recently been to New York and Hoboken and Spedunk and Georgia and had his eyes opened. With the wider observation permitted by travel and a mind ripened by contact with other great intellects, and removed from the passing spell of Teddy's infectious enthusiasm, our George sees clearly now that the talk about "small farmers" is all foolishness. Development through corporations is the thing for Hawaii. He has come to this conclusion because, after a three-days' sojourn in Atlanta, Georgia, he was informed by an ex-Confederate colonel that small farming was a failure in Georgia. The small farmer in Georgia is the survivor of the poor white trash of the South of "befoh de wah," scorned by the aristocratic Southern slaveholder, and looked down upon by the negro slaves. He is descended from the "Georgia crackers," the "clay-eating" degenerates, whose babies chewed tobacco and whose women "dipped snuff." He is what slavery and the tradition that manual labor was degrading has made him, a shiftless ne'er-do-weel, who is chronically indebted to the country store for supplies and engaged in the hopeless task of trying to catch up with a 12 per cent mortgage and support a sick wife and seven small children.

Even this kind of a small farmer is improving. He is gradually paying off his mortgage and he and others like him are today producing twice as much cotton as Georgia did in the palmiest days of slavery, when great "Plantations" ran the country and small farmers were run out of the country.

Before the Georgia colonel told George about the disreputable character and backward condition of the Georgia farmers, George had traveled through California, where small fruitgrowers are making the name of California a home word in the remotest spots of the earth; he passed through Colorado and Nebraska and Iowa, where men doing their own work have created the world's granary out of a savage desert, in a half century; he sojourned briefly in New York, where his own ancestors, barehanded, wrested a living out of the wilderness, and the fact that individuals, without the assistance of a trust, or even of a plantation agency, had accomplished all this, made no impression upon George's plastic soul; but then this was before he had really traveled. By the time he reached Georgia his mind had expanded like an opening flower. The scales dropped from his eyes and he saw with a new light that it was all a mistake. The small farmer was a humbug—the great corporation was the perfect flower of civilization. The nonresident stockholder with a thrifty manager and a thousand day laborers in "camps" is the hope of Hawaii. Thus do we go onward and upward under the careful guidance and fostering care of the great and good men whom a kind Providence has placed over us.

It begins to look as though the "Recall," which so many excellent people have looked on as a sort of a political fad or fancy, wasn't such a bad thing after all. According to the cable, Mayor Harper of Los Angeles, whom it was proposed to recall to private life, has thrown up his hands and acknowledged that it was too much for him. He has not only withdrawn as a candidate for reelection, but has resigned from the mayoralty, his resignation being demanded by the newspapers and public of Los Angeles for "unpublishable" reasons personal to himself. This is the somewhat cryptic language of the Associated Press dispatch. I don't know just what the "unpublishable" reasons are, but I can guess, from something Mayor Lyon of Fresno said when he was here a few weeks ago.

Mayor Lyon doesn't like the "recall," and he said so, and as showing that he did not stand alone in his dislike of it, he said that Mayor Harper of

Los Angeles didn't like the "recall" either.

"He said so," said Lyon, "that he was getting tired of being followed everywhere by detectives, for he knew that sooner or later they would find out something that would be disastrous to him." Apparently they have.

It seems that under the "recall," which a constituency has the power to demand an official after it has elected him, a man is asked much more in politics than he has enough sense to let through his whole term of office. It isn't sufficient to be able to get a party nomination and secure an election by the "straight party vote." It is said the "recall" here, I wouldn't give much for the chance of some of the men who have managed to get elected.

## Small Talks

HON. J. C. COHEN—I know I got locked, but wasn't it a daisy scrap?

CAPTAIN LEWIS (H. M. S. CAMBRIAN)—Of all the South Sea Islands I have visited, I liked the Tonga Islands the best. These Islands remind me of Tonga.

FRANK I. SEPRIT—I had no idea Hawaii is such a beautiful country. There is still work for you people to do in advertising the islands for just what they are.

NORMAN WATKINS—I took one of the Senators aside the other day, and believe I convinced him that he took the same pledge that I did at the convention.

J. McCASKELL (SALT LAKE)—Our visit to the Volcano was delightful. The Volcano was in action, and it was a fine sight. The steamer trip was pleasant throughout.

REPRESENTATIVE DOUTHITT—If they try to enforce any rule that a member can be arrested because he is late in getting to his seat, there will be some resignations put in.

CAPTAIN BERGER—When I lived on Miller street, my morning paper was stolen almost every other day. Now that I live at Kaimuki, it is never stolen. There are no thieves at Kaimuki.

JIM QUINN—I will lack Road Supervisor John Wilson up, and give him a chance to make good. He has some plans for reorganization and is inclined to economize, and yet give good work on the roads.

JOHN M. MARTIN—It would be a good thing if some school teachers and parents, too, would read to their boys and girls the letter by George Osborne in the Advertiser of March 12, on the swearing habit.

E. B. BLANCHARD—The triangular meet at Alexander field next Saturday is going to bring out some excellent times. I should not be at all surprised to see several Island records broken, as the new track is a very fast one.

H. S. WILLIAMSON—I objected to having the Marathon postponed because I had already arranged to run a Marathon race from Honolulu to Kahului next Sunday. If the race had been run, it would have been worse than trying to walk to Maui.

REPRESENTATIVE RICE—We have a bill before the House to allow the sheriffs of the counties to appoint the deputy sheriffs. We had another one prepared for an Oahu member to introduce along the same lines for the city and county, but no one would undertake to father it.

CAPTAIN BERGER—The Hilo band will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary, the silver jubilee of its organization, on March 25. The Hilo people have invited the Hawaiian band to be present and take part in the celebration. They offer to pay all expenses except transportation there and back.

G. J. WALLER—In all the twenty-seven years I have been here I have never known Honolulu to be so near an absolute beef famine as it has been during the past week. The storms have prevented the arrival of cattle from Hawaii, and there are no fat cattle on this island now to fall back on.

W. D. ADAMS—During the month of April, Honolulu is going to have something great in the show line. There will be a company of actors at the Opera House, every one of them stars, mind you; and they will give a series of all the latest New York successes. The name of the company will be divulged later.

ROAD SUPERVISOR WILSON—I am ready to begin active work when I have received an inventory of the property in the keeping of the road department. There are many tens of thousands of dollars' worth of property which I am to receipt for, and I want to know all about it. Part of my office force is at work, and I will put the others in as soon as they are needed.

JOHN SMITH—If the Medical Trust bill had been in force in the past year, a lot of my friends would have gone to jail. There is Judge Hart, who is constantly prescribing abstinence from liquors and moderation in eating as a means of restoring health. Under the Medical Trust bill he would have to go to jail for it. The editor of the Advertiser has frequently recommended Metcalf's sour milk treatment. This bill would make him a law-breaker. I have some Fletcherite and vegetarian friends; they couldn't escape.

## WHY THE ORIENTAL SEEMS CHEAPER THAN THE WHITE

Editor Advertiser: In the constant controversy that is going on over the Oriental question in these Islands a good deal is said to the effect that the Oriental as a laborer gives better service for less money, and as a merchant sells cheaper than others. Without claiming that this is not so, I think it can easily be shown that it is not so to the extent that is generally assumed and widely believed. The truth is that much less is expected of an Oriental employee than of others. Take the very humble class of work done by the yardboy. No householder would stand for a minute from a white man what every householder who employs Oriental yardboys habitually stands from them, in the way of inefficiency and paucity of work done. In the case of the white man the householder would tell in general terms what he wanted done and then expect and demand that it be done thoroughly, promptly and well. In the case of the Oriental, so accustomed have we become to it, every detail and process of the work is explained and shown repeatedly, and failure to do it properly is excused again and again by the formula "no savvy," until, worn out with the effort to get the work done as he wants it, the householder accepts with resignation what he gets. Of course, there are exceptions to all generalizations, but this will be found to be the rule.

In higher grades of employment the same thing will be found to be true. Immensely more is expected of the white employee in the way of initiative and resourcefulness. He is expected to do his work with less detailed instruction. He is expected to be more tactful, to be more discerning; in short, to have more "savvy."

When we come to dealing with merchants we expect a great deal more from the white merchant. If we go to a white meat market we insist that the meat shall be cut in the proper way, roasted and other cuts requiring a particular method of handling must be done up in first-class workmanlike manner, or we kick. Then they must be neatly wrapped up in new wrapping paper and must be delivered at our kitchen door. But go to an Oriental meat market, and the same people will accept their meats unskilfully cut, unskilfully made up, wrapped up in any old way in pretty nearly any kind of paper, and then carry it home themselves.

Go to the white florist. Flowers must be perfect in every particular, done up neatly in paraffin paper, and then in good quality of white wrapping paper, and then tied with silvered

or gilt twine. If they are to be sent to others than the purchaser, cards of good quality are expected to be supplied on which to write presentation sentiments.

But the same person going to an Oriental florist will accept flowers badly made up; wrapped up, very likely, in old newspaper, with odds and ends of any kind of old twine. If the Oriental has got along a little further on the imitative side of the business, and furnishes cards for presentation sentiments, they are of cheap quality that wouldn't be tolerated from a white florist, and they are often soiled.

We will stand from our Oriental cooks and table boys what we wouldn't tolerate for an instant from whites; toast and soup that never comes to the table hot as it should; eggs never cooked just to the degree or in the way that we ordered; dishes that have been cooked and then kept standing for no one knows how long while other dishes for the dinner table that ought to have been cooked first are gotten ready. In short we accept wasteful and imperfect cooking from the Oriental, and in fact get so accustomed to it that we think it is all right, when we wouldn't stand it beyond the first day from a white man who pretended to be a cook, and yet we are paying Oriental cooks, in many cases larger salaries than households of the same means pay their white cooks on the mainland.

Families pay Japanese women four and a half dollars a week and often more to take care of children, and submit to their demands in the way of hours, when they wouldn't think of offering that much to Portuguese girls or women right here in Honolulu, or if they employed the latter would think them intolerable and tyrannical if they insisted on arriving as late or leaving as early, or being as unyielding in rising to emergencies or to the accommodation of their employers, as is taken as a matter of course from the Japanese women.

There are two standards for whites and Orientals in service, as there is in large degree in morals. And it is only by accepting the two standards of service as equal, which they are not, that the Oriental is much, if any, cheaper. We do not demand as much from the Oriental merchant as we do from the white merchant, in the matter of attractiveness of goods and surroundings, though these cost the merchant money even if they do not yield tangible value to us. In other words the Oriental, in large degree, appears to work cheaper and to sell cheaper, than the white, when in reality he merely gives less.

OBSERVER.

## HARD WORK OF TUGS AND TENDER

(Continued from Page Twelve)

westward side of the harbor pier to going upon the fringe of Sumner Island, and why it was in that position after rounding the light-house point, and in the light of a satisfactory answer being made, why it would be necessary to make such a wide detour to enter the main basin of the harbor at which the Matsun wharf lies, and at which the Logan was to moor on this occasion. The inquiry will settle, of course, who was on the bridge; what course was followed; what, if any, conversation was held between the captain of the ship and the pilot as to the movements of the vessel; their views and opinions as to the lights which attracted their attention more than others; what officer and lookout were on the bridge, and what objects came into their view as the vessel sped onward toward Sumner Island.

### Began Pulling at Daylight.

With the break of day the United States tug Iroquois swung over to the stern of the Logan, a line was passed aboard from the troopship, another was passed over to the Matsun tug Intrepid, and both vessels lying close together began straining at the cables. The lines were stretched to the breaking point, while everybody watched and waited for the expected movement of the troopship sternward.

But the vessel did not so much as quiver. Her bow remained tight and fast in the wedge of coral, and the list to starboard did not alter an inch. It was apparent then that the troopship was in reality hard and fast on the edge of Sumner Island. Spectators ashore and on the boats obtained a better knowledge of the exact position of the stranded troopship when boys waded off from Sumner Island, across the short intervening space of tide water, and stood upon the coral chunks heaped about the Logan's bow. They walked all around the bow. The Logan on shooting upward on the coral outcropping had plowed through the reef, throwing aside heaps of coral as if they had been blocks of ice. The appearance of the coral heaps alongside the bow illustrated the strange predicament of the transport as no other descriptions could. It indicated conclusively that the bow was almost entirely out of water and that a goodly portion of the keel was resting on the same reef. Her list to starboard heightened the effect of the resemblance of the troopship to a wounded leviathan.

### Hawser Clogs Propeller.

For some time the two tugs strained at the hawsers, churning up the water, surging with the back water from the revolving propellers of the Logan. Suddenly the line from the Iroquois sagged and, being drawn taut, the stern of the Logan became coiled about the propeller. The Logan's engines were stopped and one aid toward saving the troopship was gone.

A new line was passed to the Iroquois and the pulling continued.

### Kukui Takes a Hand.

In response to whistle signals, the United States lightship tender Kukui, in berth at Naval Dock No. 2, swung out into the harbor, backed up to the bow of the Iroquois, and received a line from the troopship passed over the decks of the Iroquois. The trio of powerful vessels then concentrated their weight on the lines, but to no purpose. The tugs stopped pulling and the Kukui returned to her dock, leaving the Iroquois and Intrepid to handle the matter. These vessels swung over toward the Fort street wharf, the purpose being to work the stern toward, in the hope of loosening the coral wedge at the bow. Then the Intrepid's line parted, and another parted with the Iroquois.

Toward noon, when the tide was low, all pulling stopped, and the steamers went back to their berths.

### Kukui Drops a Kedge.

About 3 p. m. the Kukui steamed close to the stern of the Logan and took a line which was attached to a stream anchor dangling from the huge hook attached to the Kukui's great forward deck derrick, the machine which is considered unwieldy and may be removed altogether. However, in this instance its value could not be underrated. The great anchor was swung up easily, and after the vessel had maneuvered about for some time until the right spot was found, the anchor was dropped and marked by floats. The Logan then took up the slack on the line and will use the anchor as a kedge to assist in backing the vessel off the reef.

### Crowds Watch Operations.

From daylight until dark, and then even until late at night, crowds lined the wharfs opposite the stranded steamship. Seldom does a vessel pile herself conveniently close up on a reef that the people may view the salvage operations at close range. It was extremely convenient, as the Fort street wharf offered a fine viewpoint. Autos, hacks, buggies, bicycles jammed the wharf all day. The edge of the wharf was lined deep with spectators, armed with umbrellas and macintoshes. The street cars came within a block. In fact, it was very handy.

### A Picturesque Scene.

It was a picturesque and busy scene. The harbor was alive with craft, from straining tugs to little rowboats, with numbers of launches puffing and churning up a deal of water as they crossed and recrossed the harbor. The gangway of the troopship had been adjusted over the side of the big vessel and officers, ladies, and enlisted men passed up and down, some bound for town, others going back aboard the ship. The launches had a busy time carrying soldiers who had been given shore liberty. The rowboats got their share of the business. Bumboaters lined the sides of the vessel and took in many a dollar

in change for bananas, pineapples, oranges, coconuts and soda water.

Every launch that came to the wharf was manned by crews who were with questions ranging from "When will the Logan get off the reef?" to queries as to whether she would sink. Curiosity was at its height. The launches pulled up the wharf in an auto, rush to a launch and were conveyed quickly over to the troopship. Then the crowd would hold its breath, for this signaled something, surely. But time sped on and the Logan remained where she was, the Kukui remained at anchor near the floats over the ledge anchor, smoke lazily curled up from the troopship's stack, and the crowds waited expectantly.

### Offer from Cambrian.

A dash of the picturesque was added when through the small fleet of rowboats, launches and tugs a large cutter manned by a dozen bluejackets from His Britannic Majesty's cruiser Cambrian passed on route from the wharf to the side of the Logan. The crew flashed and dipped evenly, and when close to the Logan the order "Tox on!" was heard across the water, the crew were lifted to the perpendicular, and the boat was swung to at the foot of the gangway. An officer sprang up the ladder and, presenting his compliments to the troopship authorities, offered the services of the British warship and its men to aid the Logan in getting off the coral teeth. The officer boarded the cutter again, and, rounding the bow of the Iroquois, made the offer of the British captain known to Lieutenant Commander Moses aboard the naval tug. The movements of the Cambrian's cutter were watched with interest, among the spectators on the wharf being H. B. M.'s Consul Ralph G. E. Foster.

### Position of the Boat.

As stated, the Logan's bow is high up on the foot of Sumner Island and her bow points across the mud flats seaward of the nest of oil tanks at Iwilei, almost directly at the quarantine buildings at Kailahi. Reports from the ship were to the effect that possibly about fifty feet of the ship's keel rested upon coral, while the midships and after section were in thirty-five feet of water.

### Chance for Bedford.

Owing to the indication of the strongly imbedded position of the bow and the fact that it would take some strong pulling to get the vessel off, this after the three vessels had pulled for several hours, the spectators began to get busy with theories, plans and ways and means to get the boat into deep water again. There was a suggestion that here was a chance for Captain Bedford, chief rigger of Smith, Rice & Co., of San Francisco, who recently landed the two 12-inch guns from the barge Mohican. There were reminiscences of how the steamer Miowera was got off the reef in the channel years ago; how the Manchuria was saved from the beach at Waimanalo bay by Captain Metcalf, and how the transport Sheridan was brought into port after her terrific pounding on the reef opposite the Barber's Point light-house.

"It appears to me," said a water-frontier, "that it would pay some firm to keep larger tackle on hand for just such emergencies as this. It might take a long time to get the money back for the outfit, but when the time did come, it would be money in the bank."

### Poor Jacob's Ladders.

Another water-frontier commented on the fact that the Logan, having been overhauled at an expense of a quarter of a million dollars, and having been inspected and pronounced O. K., should go to sea with a rotten Jacob's ladder, such as the one which was sent over the side of the Logan Saturday up which customs officials, postal officials, army officers, newspapermen and many others had to climb to the deck. The Jacob's ladder is old, unwieldy and the rungs rotten, at least two of them giving away under the weight of persons climbing to the deck. But for a tight hold on the sides of the ladder the climbers would have been hurt, as they would have tumbled back upon the deck of the launch. The government requires a minute inspection of merchant vessels by accredited examiners, and a small thing like a Jacob's ladder, were it in poor condition and even apparently unsafe, would be condemned instantly. A company providing unsafe apparatus would be criticized.

Here is a government vessel with more than a thousand souls aboard provided with a weak ladder, over which it might be possible that almost every person aboard should descend from deck to waiting boats below, a ladder which when put to some little use Saturday night after the vessel was stranded, was unequal to the test.

### Diver at Work.

The rope which was wound around the Logan's propeller, complicating an already complicated situation, was removed by Diver Martin. His raft and apparatus was towed over to the stern of the transport, where after it was made fast, the diver donned his rubber clothes and metal and glass helmet. He descended to the propeller and cut away the rope in short order. Thus relieved the propeller was found to be uninjured and it was used to assist the tugs.

### Getting Mails Off.

Owing to the lack of launches, which were busy on Army work early on Saturday evening, and owing to the anxiety of government officials aboard the Logan, the mails were not taken off the ship, although Postmaster Pratt had all his force on hand, waiting until after 10 o'clock. Yesterday morning at an early hour the task of getting off the several hundred bags of mail off the Logan was commenced and was concluded by 10:30. Young Brothers' launches were used for this purpose. Young Bros. will also remove the Manila mail from the Logan this morning, if the vessel is still stranded, and the postoffice authorities will transfer it to the Pacific Mail steamship Korea, due from San Francisco today, and scheduled to leave for the Orient this evening.

### Officers Mostly Ashore.

Most of the officers and families came ashore yesterday and took quarters at the hotels to await the result of the saving operations on the Logan. The enlisted men were given shore liberty as usual.

Pear Admiral Franklin is buried at Arlington cemetery.

## TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. PARIS MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, U. S. A.